had promised immediate peace without territorial concessions to the enemy. The Communists could not call on the army to brace itself against Germany—the army was fading away, and the units still at the front—for lack of transportation facilities—would not offer even token resistance to the Germans. On the other hand, the Communists could not tell the Russian people that they relied on the eventual victory of the Allies. All their propaganda had been directed against the French, British, and American imperialists and warmongers and based on the contention that German and Austrian comrades were ready to stretch out their hands to their Russian brothers! Thus, the new government did not try to stop the advancing German troops. It frantically mobilized the workers' Red Guard; sailors and soldiers, armed detachments, marched in the streets of Petrograd, but none of them was dispatched to the front. All were sent against the Ukraine, which had declared itself independent, against the Cossacks, and against villages that refused to sell their produce to the cities. Petrograd looked like a city occupied by hordes of barbarians.

To celebrate my liberation, Emma bought tickets for *Faust*, with Chaliapin as Mephistopheles, in the Marinsky Opera House. I had never heard the great singer and did not hear much of him that night. We had seats in the orchestra. It turned out that all the orchestra seats except two rows had been reserved for the "flower and glory of the revolution," Kronstadt sailors. Some of them recognized me. Faces turned in our direction and we heard whispering. "Look, Woytinsky is here!" "Isn't he in jail?" "Call Smolny!" A sailor rushed to the entrance. There was no point in waiting for his return. Emma seized my arm and whispered firmly, "We must go at once." When the curtain rose and all eyes were turned toward the glittering stage, we got up quietly and left the theater.

The next day soldiers in a streetcar recognized me and we learned that some people in the Smolny had protested against my release from the fortress. Petrograd was becoming too dangerous for me. I had to go into hiding.

A friend brought us a message from Tseretelli. A military hospital train was ready to leave for the Caucasus with Georgian soldiers and officers, and Tseretelli asked us to go with him to Georgia, which was under the control of the Mensheviks. We accepted the plan.

Our friends provided us with the necessary travel documents: Emma as a military nurse returning home, and I as an artillery private who had left his battery for personal reasons, that is, a "comrade deserter." I also obtained an oversized military cloak, torn and soiled with tar, dingy trousers, and a cap to match. A barber near the place in which I was in hiding cropped my hair and shaved off my mustache. In this disguise I went to our apartment, where Emma was finishing